

Sunday Morning Globe

W. J. ELLIOTT, Editor.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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For sale by all the city news stands and by the newsboys.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Rates of advertising will be made known at the office or by the Sunday Globe's accredited agent. The Sunday Globe is an exclusive local publication and will be found a valuable medium to reach the patronage of the Washington public.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1901.

Notice.

The editor of the GLOBE has a few words of a semi-personal nature to say to his friends who are desirous of helping him to establish the SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE.

It has been reported to us from time to time that individuals who represented themselves as being personally interested in the GLOBE and its editor have endeavored to collect funds or subscriptions to a fund for our benefit, all such individuals, and any representations they have made or may make, are fraudulent and unauthorized.

We are not soliciting charity nor financial help in this way. Should we at any time desire aid, financial or otherwise, our friends will be notified by us in person or by letter.

Recently, through the channels of trade, some shares of gilt edge stock has come in our possession. We need money more than we do this stock. Our sole investment is the GLOBE, and we do not want and have not the means to divide our interests.

Hence if there are friends who desire to extend us any financial assistance we will exchange this stock for cash, and at such a figure that our friends will lose nothing by the transaction. The stock is a gilt edged investment for those with money to spare. We need the cash to run the GLOBE, and we will therefore sacrifice any future returns, which are a certainty, in this stock for immediate cash.

A call at our office, or an invitation to call on intending purchasers, will elicit more particular information. Meanwhile our friends, or the friends of the GLOBE, will please remember—pay no money and refuse to subscribe to any fund in our alleged interest. All such schemes are fraudulent and unauthorized.

The Ohio Campaign.

Colonel James Kilbourne, Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio, made the opening speech of his proposed "eleventh-day campaign" in Bucyrus, a town founded by his grandfather, and among other things said:

"The death knell of the high protective tariff, which is robbing the many for the benefit of the few, was sounded by President McKinley in these words: 'The period of exclusiveness is past,' and the speaker, commenting on the late President's utterance, observed: 'The American people will proceed in the direction he pointed out, and will continue to go forward until the true and perfect reciprocity advocated by the Democracy is established in trade with all the nations of the earth, unhampered by tariff restrictions, excepting such as may be necessary for the purposes of revenue only.'"

Every honest thinking statesman in the United States is of the same opinion as the late President, and believes as Colonel Kilbourne does; nevertheless, under the manipulation of such corruptionists as Marcus A. Hanna and Charles Grosvenor, men utterly without conscience or patriotism when a Republican campaign fund is the alternative issue, no remedial legislation will be enacted by the incoming Congress in deference to the wishes of the monopolistic supporters of the party in power.

The people will continue to sweat and groan under a robber tariff which is so utterly vicious that even Chairman Babcock recently raised his voice against its further continuance. Colonel Kilbourne truly observes:

"Recognizing the power of the trusts and their control of the Republican party, which they all support, and whose legislation created them, and still fosters them, the American people cannot trust that party to carry out a satisfactory tariff reform."

"The fraternalism and subservience to capital which mark the policy of the Republican party to-day have debauched the virtue of that once high-minded organization and begotten monsters in the shape of bosses."

And these "bosses," Hanna, Grosvenor, et al., are now busily collecting a monster campaign fund to carry Ohio against the man who fearlessly denounces them. This fund is being swelled by contributions from Federal office-holders right under President Roosevelt's nose here in Washington, as he can easily ascertain by investigation, or by questioning the heads of departments and their subordinates, down to the spittoon cleaner; and all of whom have been sent printed slips from the Ohio State Journal by THOMAS W. BURDELL, of Columbus, a fellow so notoriously corrupt that we would not entrust him with anything to the value of a counterfeit greenback without the most ample security! These slips are "hold-ups," or admonitions to the employees of the departments to forward their contributions, or take the consequences of refusal. The outlook in Ohio presages a Democratic victory despite the efforts of these "bosses" to purchase the state from the lakes to the river and corrupt the suf-

frage of the entire population. The old soldiers will vote for the soldier candidate, Col. James Kilbourne, and Hanna's barrels are not many, nor full enough to buy them.

Commissioner H. Clay Evans.

The individual who draws salary as Commissioner of Pensions may congratulate himself upon being the most despicable as well as the most despised official in the administration. And when one calls to mind Root, with his treatment of Miles, Alger, with his scandals, and Long, with his persecution of Schley, the full significance of this language may be appreciated.

The old soldiers, without exception, all over the country join in execrating him. To them he is the embodiment of all that is contemptible. He is a "hundred days" man. He is a holder of a "soft thing." He expended his patriotism in the quarter-master's employ as a clerk, and instead of a musket—even in that bloodless picnic—he walloped a pen; instead of spilling his blood he spilled ink. He never missed a square meal, never pulled a trigger, nor did an hour's duty. All he knows of military duty he has learned while obstructing pension cases.

We, who are at his mercy, believe that politics have placed him on the wrong side; that he should have been quarter-master's clerk for Jos. E. Johnston, John Hood or Braxton Bragg, instead of the Union side.

As Commissioner his conception of duty consists in placing all possible obstacles in the way of the old soldier who is so unfortunate as to be compelled in his old age to ask for the pittance which the government was lavish in promising when it needed defenders, but which it sneakily withholds since the crippled old fellows who saved it have grown grey and helpless.

The boys have come to feel that a government which will shelter itself behind the knavery of such a lickspittle as Evans, in order to avoid its just obligations, is scarcely worth the blood and treasure wasted in its defense. Nor is it much wonder that the sons of those who followed the flag in '61 have been slow to enlist in this Philippine war while the memory of their fathers' experience lived fresh in their minds.

Evans' statement of the Dr. Oatman case is condemnation enough for any man. His letter of explanation of the government's side of the case is an official lie, and Evans knows it. He knows Oatman was entitled to a generous pension, and that when his satellites took the case into the field they were instructed to balk it.

If H. Clay Evans, the political skullduggery, who parts his name in the middle, enjoys his contemptible role as sneak and suborner of perjury, we wish him well of it. Let him enjoy, for his brief day, the power which he abuses, the salary which is Satan's pay for perjury; but let him remember that he will be condemned while he lives and execrated when he dies. Let him not forget that such infamy as he courts can neither be forgiven in life nor hidden in the grave. It is something to be loved living and blessed when death has dropped the veil on all but the memory of the departed, but it is unspeakably horrible, and infamous to be cursed this side of the grave and reviled beyond it. Such is the future of H. Clay Evans.

Placed by the late President in the position where he could dispense justice to the old men, who in their best days had given their very best services to their country, and who in their last years had become, in whole or in part, helpless, he has used all the machinery of his bureau to hinder the poor, decrepit devils from getting the help they need.

One can imagine the leer with which he glows over some dying Union soldier's defeat, and see him rub his claws in fiendish glee over his own victory, as some Oatman here or there sinks into eternal silence unaided and miserable.

One wonders if H. Clay Evans, hundred-dred days man, quarter-master's clerk, Pension Commissioner, was on the side of his sympathies during his arduous services, and if he doesn't draw a \$12 pension.

One thing is beyond a doubt in the old veteran's mind. H. Clay Evans is the soldier's enemy. He is a sneak, or, if a slight change in the spelling of that epithet be preferable, a snake.

Career of the "Handsome Man in the Southwest."

Albert Pike is a name which will long be remembered in the Southwest as that of one of the most remarkable men who have lived in that region. It was not to be expected that he would be otherwise than conspicuous in the great rebellion which enveloped that section with the rest. In the battle of Pea Ridge he led the Cherokee Indians, whom he had seduced from their allegiance to the government of the United States. A noble looking white-haired man, of very imposing appearance, he nevertheless proved an utter failure as a military leader, running before the veterans of Curtis and Sigel on that bloody day.

It was in another sphere, and a totally different one, that Pike was destined to shine; and shine he did. He was a man of extraordinary genius, and had pocketed a hundred thousand dollars as the fees of a single law suit. He had been known, during a term of court, to meet his brother lawyers for an evening carousal, drink with them till the stoutest was "laid out" under the table, and then sent himself, and in the midst of their convivial singing and roaring, draw up a most intricate bill in chancery, without an ensnare or interluncheon. He would do this same thing in court, apparently undisturbed by the noise of a trial in progress. But with all his genius and wonderful versatility of talent, he was utterly and persistently wayward in his habits, and half a dozen fortunes passed from his hands—spent in reckless and prodigal living. Once young, highly educated, graced with personal accomplishments and a physique which won for him the distinction of being called the "handsome man in the southwest," his magic touch had swept the lyre of the gods, compelling a luscious, dis-reverencing nation to stop and listen in enraptured silence.

But from all this eminence, he became an exile from his home, fought against his

country, and was the leader of red-handed savages against the valiant defenders of the Union and the noblest flag that ever floated, and, to cap the climax, deserted the savage victims of his own silver-tongued eloquence.

Nevertheless, he died the possessor of more personal friends and mourned by a greater number of people than king or potentate; and he will be remembered longer than either soldier or statesman by that FRATERNITY, the members of which unveiled his monument in this city on Wednesday last. Albert Pike, the general, was a failure, but Albert Pike, the Mason, is immortal.

Another List.

The GLOBE's exposure of the flagrant violations of the Civil Service law in the Pension Office is beginning to arouse our daily contemporaries to a sense of journalistic duty.

The Star, for instance, had this to say on Thursday:

"We hope it will occur to Commissioner Foulke to look into the matter of promotions. That phase of the situation needs attention. He can ascertain, if he cares to, that in some of the departments merit counts for very little when opposed by the political pull or personal favoritism!"

The Star owes a duty to the public in general, and to Washington business men, who fill its pages with well paid advertisements, in particular, to aid Mr. Foulke in ascertaining the departments where promotions are based on political pull and personal favoritism. The Star is well aware, and has been since June, 1896, that Evans was tramping on the merit system in the Pension Office, and still it has maintained an unpardonable silence. The direct beneficiaries of the merit system are Washington business men, and they have a right to expect that papers in which they advertise their goods ought to support any system that will enable them to sell the goods advertised. Had the dailies of this city been true to the interests of their patrons with families would not have been discriminated against in the Pension Bureau as they have been. Examiners would not be paid \$1,000 a year and copyist \$1,400. Good clerks would not be hustled from pillar to post to gratify the venomous spite of an ignorant, narrow-minded section chief.

Nor would excellent examiners be reduced from \$1,200 to \$900, and their salaries given to ignorant file clerks as was done in the Eastern Division in July, 1897.

The best clerks in the office would not be sent to what is styled Botany Bay to write letters of rejection, while others are kept in adjudicating divisions, who don't know a pension claim from a dog fight. However the day of deliverance is at hand. Beyond the horizon we behold the effulgent rays of a brighter day. Evans and Davenport and the whole breed of parasites must go. The Augean stables will be cleansed. And is it not high time? Examine these two lists—one is composed of married old soldiers; the other of spinsters.

Gen. D. T. Kirby, an examiner, \$1,000. He wears a medal of honor conferred by Congress for gallant, distinguished services on the field of battle.

Dr. James Crozier, an examiner, \$900; reduced by Evans from \$1,400. He was a surgeon in the 39th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and served during the entire war.

Anderson Gill, \$1,000; reduced by Evans from \$1,400, and removed from the position of letter critic, where he had given perfect satisfaction for years, and sent to the Mail Division. The petty persecution he has been subjected to has shattered the old man's health, and although he furnished a physician's certificate, they would not approve his application for sick leave, but deducted the time lost from his small salary. Mr. Gill served in the navy during the entire war of the rebellion.

Geo. B. Fleming, an examiner, \$900. He is also an ex-soldier, with a fine military record.

John Buckley, an examiner, \$1,000; an excellent clerk and an ex-soldier.

Robert Strong, an examiner, \$1,000.

A. B. Palmer, the best examiner in the Eastern Division, \$1,000.

John P. O'Neill, the only lawyer in the Law Division, \$900.

Now look at this list of spinsters, all copyists work that any ten-year-old school boy can do, all receiving \$1,400:

Miss Gertrude Grosvenor, copyist, \$1,400; Miss Virginia T. Landstreet, copyist, \$1,400; Miss Annie P. Luttrell, copyist, \$1,400; Miss Mary F. Powell, copyist, \$1,400; Miss Annie T. Williamson, copyist, \$1,400; Miss Cleo S. Burnett, copyist, \$1,400; Miss Mary S. Hartwell, copyist, \$1,400; Miss Annie E. Redmond, copyist, \$1,400; Miss Annie F. Holohan, copyist, \$1,400; Miss Sallie F. Chandler, copyist, \$1,400; Miss Medora Fuller, copyist, \$1,400; Miss Bessie Asprill, Miss Georgeanna A. Chamberlain.

And the half has not been told, but will be in our next.

Progressive Crook-ery.

In no department of criminology has so much true progress been made as in that pertaining to bank depletion. The old methods of mysterious plottings, stealthy nocturnal reconnoissances, with masks and dark lanterns, chloroform for troublesome watchmen and a stick of candied glycerine for coaxing the safe to open up—these are all discarded by the superior gentlemanly crook of to-day, who resides at the Waldorf-Astoria, aims himself automatically in Central Park and rents a pew at the opera. Socially he is known as a Bird—he is such a high-flyer. It is nobody's business what his business is. He has the money, and is "no cheap man."

This twentieth century plant is of the Magnate family, but he works differently and from the inside. The directors pay him a small salary to count their customers' money and put it in the vault, when he feels like it. While the board of dundersheeds is discussing whether to pass or not to pass the quarterly dividend, Mr. Crook swipes the whole batch of tangible assets, calls a cab and goes into the gloaming.

Before the board of dundersheeds have time to realize that their bank is busted, the attorney for the Skipper rings up the petrified president and dictates the terms upon

which the unmarketable securities, postage stamps and a few bags of coin will be returned by express, C. O. D.

Meantime Mr. Willie-o-the-Wisp and a couple of sporty detectives are doing the Tenderloin conscientiously, taking lessons in the art of social reform.

The deal is made, the agreed price is paid, and the scion of the house of Jack Sheppard takes a run across to Ostend.

Buffalo's Blasted Hopes.

The most instructive exhibit at the Pan-American was made by the Publicity Department, which might more truthfully be styled the Duplicitous Department, since its entire energy was spent in trying "to work" the press of the whole country with "wind peddling." Many editors and numerous publishers are less than three parts foolish and the Buffalo game fazed when it was discovered that the press agent was to eat all the pie.

The show was never properly advertised anywhere, and the little "bidding" done was amateurish in the extreme. Had the puffy heads of the Publicity Department entrusted the job of enlightening the world upon the great features of the enterprise to the staff of experts attached to the Barnum & Bailey Circus and the Buffalo Bill Show, the Financial Bureau would to-day be boasting of its ability to pay dividends instead of deploring a deficit and passing around the hat for contributions.

The moral of this gigantic collapse is easy to find. It is the same old story—

People who do advertise can always furnish the coin to build and maintain almshouses for those brainy idiots who "disbelieve in advertising."

All the experts agree that Schley really did "Loop the Loop."

Schley has his enemies on the run—they will soon be taking "sall" water at distant stations.

The Con-American Exposition is what some soreheads now feel like calling the Buffalo show.

When a New York bank pays so responsible a clerk as its messenger only \$8.00 a week, depositors would do well to take a timely tip and place their accounts in a more intelligently conducted institution.

A long communication signed "Progressive Veteran" is unavoidably omitted. It deals with the Booker Washington dinner at the White House. It is a red-hot composition, and the GLOBE will find room for it next week.

General Dyrrenforth has been re-elected commander-in-chief of the organization known as Union Veterans' Union. It is predicted that his man will now get that commission in the regular army from President Roosevelt.

Grumbine's College of Divine Sciences will never confer an honorary degree on Judge T. J. Mackey. The sprouting of wings on the fair Lucile, the high priestess, has been discontinued until Grumbine's return to kiss her "Illice."

"Everyone dodged but the Commodore," is the way an honest seaman testified before the Court of Inquiry, touching the shells which dropped around the Brooklyn. They are "dodging" and "hedging" now in Crowsfield's office, but it is too late. "The sea, the sea, the open sea," will do 'em good.

A petition is being circulated among residents along the route of the Capital Traction Company's F and G street line to have the service made tri-weekly, instead of semi-weekly, (which now appears to be the rule).

Failing that, sheltered seats at waiting points might be established for the accommodation of the old and infirm who hope to live till another car comes along.

That President Roosevelt should have "dined with a nigger" at the White House has shocked the fine sensibilities of some rough-spoken southern editors. These squeamish chaps seem to forget that a great many blades of the southern chivalry are addicted to much more intimate association with "niggers" than they might care to have their own family circle know. Now will you shut up?

The GLOBE believes that the Census Bureau ought not only be made a permanent department of the government, but its head made a Cabinet officer. It is, at least, as important and useful a department of the Federal government as the Agricultural Department, whose granger head is a Cabinet officer. Certainly Governor Merriam would grace the council board of the President equally as well as granger Wilson.

We can hardly be expected to throw any vitriol at the White House, where that magnificent negro Booker Washington got a square meal. It is one of the principles of "Prison Reform" to heap the black man's plate the fullest at the common table of the whites and blacks and to give the "nigger" the softest job that can be found in the penitentiary. We have wished a thousand times that we were born a negro, and we have envied the former razor-carrying aristocrat of Goat Alley their high and lofty superior social standing as convicts over us poor white trash prisoners. If we were a poor "nigger" we would prefer life in a modern penitentiary to the highest social position that Fozzy bottom could confer.

It is to such "Reformers" as President Roosevelt that white prisoners are indebted for this social equality, and "Teddy" is simply consistent in inviting a negro to dine with him. "Everybody to his taste as the old woman said when she kissed her cow." The deduction of which is—the cow was the old woman's support and surest reliance and there are 275 colored votes in the next National Republican Convention!

WHAT THEY SAY

When Talking to Globe Scribes on the Quiet.

VARIETY OF TOPICS DISCUSSED.

From the Mission to Stealing Copies of the Sunday Globe—The Police Court Gets Another Roast—Stealing Letters From Shop Windows Treated as a Slight Error of Judgment and Only a Fine Inflicted on the Thief.

"Well by J— Julius Caesar I am thoroughly disgusted with this police court of ours. The justice administered there would make a mule bray," said an avenue merchant to the GLOBE scribe last night.

"What's up now?"

"What do you think of this case. There have been fellows going around town at night stealing the white letters off windows."

"What can they want of them?"

"Want of them—why they clean them up and come around the next day and sell them to the merchant whose window has been defaced or robbed. Now I was standing near Whitney's cigar establishment on the avenue the other night and I saw a fellow remove some letters with a knife. He slipped the blade of the knife under the letter and removed it while you could wink. A citizen who came along a minute or two after this performance asked me what I was gazing at the window so intently for. I told him what occurred and that the thief was then only a few yards ahead. Now this citizen, who happened to be a police officer in 'plain clothes' pursued the fellow and arrested him right in the act of stealing letters from another window."

"Yes."

"What do you suppose Police Judge—"

"Six months in the workhouse at least."

"Not much. The Dogberry hummed and bawled and got off this piece of wisdom."

"This is a new crime and is not covered by the statutes. There is no precedent that I can recall."

"After a pause he says:

"Ten dollars fine."

"Now, what do you think of that?"

"Why it was theft simple and pure."

"Of course it was theft, and yet this Police Justice thought there was no statute covering theft, and let the thief off with a fine of \$10—a lighter sentence than he inflicts on some honest man hauled up for getting a little full."

"The indignant merchant turned toward the store door to greet a customer."

"This mission or charity 'lay-out' on Louisiana avenue is doing more harm than good," said a cynical individual in a group of government employees, last night, in front of the National Hotel.

"Particulars, please," said the GLOBE.

"Well, I had a personal experience before I caught on to my present job. I applied there for a little relief, and told them the truth, that I was a printer out of a job and expected work when I got over the felon on my right thumb. They put me to sawing wood, and in my crippled condition I know that I earned more than the meals I got. While I was there a hard-looking citizen came along. He told his story. He was a 'ticket-of-leave' man from England, had been in prison in Florida, led a wild and criminal life, never had any honest employment but now wanted to reform and turn over a new leaf."

"Yes—what did they do for him?"

"Received him with open arms. Wept and prayed by turns over him. Fed him, clothed him, pumped him full of gospel wind and held a kind of jubilee over his conversion."

"Well, don't you think that was nice and charitable?"

"No, I do not. I think it was putting a premium on criminality. Here was I, an honest printer, with a half healed felon on my thumb, and because I had never committed burglary, stole a horse or sand-bagged a lone pedestrian, put to sawing wood and treated unceremoniously as a beggar. I tell you that mission is helping a lot of these dead beat, loafing criminals."

"In what way?"

"Take and watch the police court and you will find out. If, for instance, any thug makes himself numerous around the mission and gets arrested for a crime, the mission has only to send word to Judge Kimball that the aforesaid thug is one of their converts temporarily fallen from grace and he escapes punishment and is turned free to eat mission grub and continue his predatory excursions upon honest citizens' residences and stores, filching whatever comes in handy, and the typo turned to his companions who nodded their heads approvingly."

"I served with Schley and I am ready to lead a storming party and board that Navy Department office where them shore sailors hatched up this devilish conspiracy against one of the bravest men who ever led a battleship into action," said a quiet but determined looking citizen while waiting yesterday morning for an avenue car to take him to the navy yard.

"Where did you serve, sir?" said a lady who was also waiting for the car.

"I was on that terrible voyage to rescue Greeley, madam, in 1884, and Schley in that voyage immortalized himself and demonstrated the lion courage of his gallant breast. For over 2,000 miles he ran a race with death, and heedless of danger and disaster he reached Cape Sabine and saved the few survivors, among whom was General Greeley. If Robert Lincoln had started the relief expedition sooner, we would have saved them all. Schley does not know what fear is, and he is idolized by the brave officers and seamen of the American navy." Here the car came along and the GLOBE man heard no more of the conversation, but ascertained that the quiet citizen was an ex-petty officer of the navy who is now engaged in a modest way in business on 7th street.

"I saw a colored boy sell GLOBES to another colored boy named Overton at Fifteenth and G streets for one cent each," said a citizen to a GLOBE solicitor the past week, and I suspect they were stolen, so I wish you would inform your editor."

"Yes," responded the solicitor, "in my rounds I discovered that Jackson's newsstand, 609 1/2 7th street, n. w., lost sixty copies of the Globe Sunday morning last."

"How was that?"

"It appears Jackson has a box with a lock and key in which GLOBES are dropped by the circulating manager who goes around

with the wagons on Sunday morning. The GLOBE had a new circulating manager last Sunday and instead of putting the papers in the box he placed them behind it, up against the wall. The little 'coon,' who was on the watch, saw his error and when the wagon drove off captured the sixty copies of the GLOBE. These papers were worth one dollar each at the office of publication last Sunday, as the edition is out and there was not a single copy in the office to give the police."

"How police?"

"Oh, every policeman calling on Sunday morning gets a free copy, but when they let the little 'coons' steal the papers they have to go without."

"Do many call?"

"Well, yes; but they are all welcome. All that is asked in return is to keep the white and black little thieves from stealing the papers. It is very annoying and the editor is determined to prosecute any of these boys when caught. The GLOBE has suffered considerably from these thieving boys, who apparently stay up all night to watch the delivery wagons which generally leave the office to make their rounds about 3 or 4 a. m. Major Sylvester's detectives will be informed about this boy Overton, 15th and G, and may be he can tell the cops the name of the little 'coon' who sold him the stolen GLOBES on Sunday last."

Mr. Dolson, the newsdealer on 10th street, between H and I, has just informed me that Overton brought the papers last Sunday he had sold him at the usual price, 2 1/2 cents per copy, and when asked why he returned the papers, said: "A little nigger sold me thirty copies at a penny each. Now, this is the thief we are looking for, and if the cops get him we will spend a few dollars to put him away where he won't steal any more GLOBES for some time." All of which is submitted to the kind attention of the Major.

THE OATMAN CASE.

A Card From a Veteran Soldier Acquainted With the Facts—Will President Roosevelt Give It His Respectful Attention.

Editor of the Sunday Globe:

DEAR SIR: I see by an article in last Sunday's GLOBE why the late Dr. James J. Oatman, late of Co. B, 11th Regiment, P. R. C., was unable to get his pension according to Commissioner H. Clay Evans' letter to Charles C. Enigh, of Fort Collins, Colo., that "this claim was rejected in 1889 on the ground of no record of alleged wound and no evidence of its origin in the service and line of duty, and claimant, with the aid of a special examination, has been unable to connect same with his military service," and that "the claim was reopened July 1, 1899, an additional evidence, and was again sent to the field for special examination. The evidence obtained on such special examination showed an entire absence of merit in the claim for shell wound of head and the claim was again rejected December 1, 1899, on that ground."

According to Bates' History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, volume 1, page 888, Corpl. James J. Oatman was mustered into service June 10, 1861. Wounded and prisoner at Charles City Cross Roads, June 30, 1862. Wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; promoted to corporal October 31, 1863; mustered out with company, June 15, 1864. There appears to be a record of being wounded and taken prisoner in that engagement at least. If there is no record in the Record and Pension Bureau the Commissioner could have found out why that was so by looking up the testimony on file in this case in his office. I belonged to the company at that time, and as the other nine companies of the regiment were taken prisoner at Gaines' Mills, June 27, 1862, and at the battle of Charles City Cross Roads not being attached to any command, we did as General Mead, our brigade commander, told us, "To go in on our own hook," when a large part of the company struck out in small squads along the line where the fighting was going on, where they could do the most good. That is why there is no record by the officers of the company, as most of them were fighting amongst strange commands, and Oatman and I, amongst the rest. And in regard to evidence—why they are hanging criminals and sending them to state prisons right along on less evidence than there is on file in the Pension Office to prove Oatman's shell wound. The great trouble is that the claim would have made out great a hole in the appropriation, and that much less to turn back into the treasury. I always thought that the one hundred and forty odd million dollars was for the express purpose of paying pensions. Why was it not used for that purpose?

I don't believe Congress expected any part of it to be turned back into the treasury. There were surely enough unsettled claims to have used it all and relieved many suffering old veteran or his widows and children. Will such actions instill any patriotism in the sons of the old veterans? It is no wonder we hear the remark that its nothing but the d— fool that goes to war. I suppose some will